

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

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VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 2.

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO.

D. A. BUCKINGHAM.

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, tho' in appearance small,
Has this goodly motto: Go preach the Kingdom to all,—
Embarrassed by none, it obeyeth the call.

Sailing out in the deep waters where danger assails,
Heavy surges are breaking, and darkness prevails,
Adding trials and conflicts the Truth to maintain,
Keeping boldly at work for humanity's gain;
Ever prayerful and humble, while trusting in God,
Reviving new courage, by proclaiming His word:

Making paths of sweet sunshine, yea, happier days,
All along thro' life's strange and mysterious ways;
Ne'er flinching in purpose, but upholding the right,
In the many or few, who are seeking true light,—
Forgiving, forgetting all injuries past,
Espousing no baneful emotions that blast,
Sincerely inviting all souls who aspire
To rise, and keep rising, still higher and higher
Out of worldly dissensions— unholy desire.

NEW ENGLAND WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM.

Abstract ideas are, to individual and national conduct, as the primitive rocks in earth's structure are to the soils we cultivate which are the product of those rocks.

Social customs and national laws are resultants of theological creeds, abstract principles and ideas that at the time are generally accepted and acted upon.

From the Jewish axiom of justice—"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—come personal, family and national wars—and this, too, even among Christians who also have an axiom—"return good for evil."

The New England Puritans held the abstract theological idea that God was an Athanasian God who could create something out of nothing, and, because he was Almighty, had a right to do wrong. The ecclesiastical and civil rulers united to act upon the same abstract principles. Their axiom was: "A King or Priest can do no wrong"—their will being the standard of religious and secular right and truth. To them, the Bible was the word of God—when it was finished by the Council of Nice, Divine Revelation, from God to man, was also finished forever and ever. Consequently every thing supernatural—all spiritual manifestations—were

necessarily from the devil and his angels, so that it only had to be proved that a person was a spiritual medium—not a fraud—to put it beyond a doubt that he, or she was a wizard, or witch, and as such, liable to be legally and religiously executed. Upon this basis rested all the trials for witchcraft in New England. The trials were conducted by torture so that the accused had no means of escaping punishment except by confessing themselves guilty. In Essex Co., Ct., twenty persons were put to death between June 9th and September 23d, 1692, by direct action of the civil magistrates—just one hundred years before the Church of Christ's second appearing was founded. Some two hundred persons were tried and condemned to death, and many of those, who were not publicly executed, perished under the hardships of prison life and the gnawings of mental anxieties. Others had health, spirits, domestic ties broken, worldly possessions shattered by confiscation, and their subsequent lives made forlorn and miserable. Their social sufferings and personal mental horrors can never be adequately portrayed.

What constituted, legally, a wizard or witch? First, an undoubting belief in a great personal devil, almost equal in power and omniscience to Deity itself. Second, a covenant with the devil, voluntarily entered into, in which persons signed their names in the devil's book, with a pen dipped in their own blood. The covenant consisted in an agreement, between the parties, to each do the other's will *when called upon*. The mortal, in consideration of certain favors to be granted by the devil—as riches, honors, sensual pleasures to be enjoyed for a specified time—agreed to be the devil's servant here on earth, and after death go to a hell of unlimited duration and torment.

It was believed that the devil was powerless for evil in a community, unless some man, woman or child did thus covenant with, and sell their souls to him. From this conviction it follows that the civil rulers, who cared for the interests of the commonwealth, felt conscientiously bound to co-operate with the priests who were seeking to save the souls, committed to their care, from a literal hell of fire and brimstone, by hunt-

ing up, trying, convicting and killing the witches.

The kingdom and dominion of the devil consisted of the infernal regions, in the spirit world, and of all Jewish, Mahomedan and heathen nations and their inhabitants on the earth. The American Continent—New World—with its Indian population, was his special inheritance. He was therefore designated as a "great land holder." From these premises, anti-Christians conceived it to be their civil right and Christian duty to exterminate the Indians, as did the Spaniards, in South America, and as the Jews exterminated the inhabitants of the land of Canaan.

To the Puritans, the Bible was a law-book in any court of justice. Hence, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was New England common law.

If the accused confessed being a witch and having signed his or her name, in blood, in the devil's book, death was not inflicted. Therefore the position of the greatest safety to any individual was that of an accuser of other persons as being witches. Why the confession of being a witch—pleading guilty—when accused, ensured safety, I am unable to decipher.

As things were, for a time, no person, high or low, in the community, was safe. The whole population were living in the greatest degree of uncertainty and in a state of continual terror, beyond the power of modern secular republicans to comprehend or conceive. As was to be expected, many became informers, both for the pecuniary reward that went with conviction, and also to insure their own personal safety.

Just before her own execution, the clear-headed Mary Estus said to her executioners, "Try the confessing witches, I being confident several have belied themselves and others."

Any genuine spiritual manifestation, such as those at Dr. Phelps' in Stamford, Ct., that I myself witnessed "was demonstration strong as proof from holy writ," of a case of witchcraft. Some whole families, like the Eddies, were mediumistic.

Abigail Faulkner, daughter of the Rev. Francis Dane, of Andover, was condemned

to death. Her two daughters, only eight and ten years of age, testifying that their mother had made witches of them, they having signed their names in the devil's book with pen dipped in their own blood. She was tortured to make her confess, but died without confessing. Giles Corey, an old man eighty-one years of age, was accused and tried. Refusing to confess, the court ordered him to be put to the torture. They laid him prostrate and piled heavy weights upon him to break his stubborn will. He called upon them to "pile on more weight! more weight!" till he died.

Cotton Mather, Gov. Endicot and their coadjutors were, no doubt, sincere, humane, God fearing people, who reasoned logically from false premises—absurd theological dogmas and erroneous abstract ethical ideas—which at that time were generally recognized by the compound government of Church and State as it then existed in the British Empire, both at home and abroad, as a safe and infallible rule of action.

Some rationalists assume that there was nothing spiritual, or supernatural about New England witchcraft—that the witches, or mediums, were frauds, and the accusers, informers, judges, lawyers and juries were all superstitiously deluded—that given the power, all religious people who are working for the union of Ecclesiastical and Civil government, whether Catholic or Protestant, would be conscientiously bound to re-enact, with the modern Spiritualists, Shakers and Quakers (on a far larger scale), all the bloody cruelty of New England witchcraft. With Cotton Mather, Gov. Endicot and many magistrates, their hearts would bleed, while their wrong-headed theology and the possession of Ecclesiastical and Civil power, which should never have been conceded by the people, impelled them to perpetrate judicial murder. In her—Babylon Church and State—was found all the blood shed upon the earth.

The Duke of Alva, the Crusaders, Torquemada, Endicot, were just what any other human being would be under their circumstances. The place for wild beasts is within iron bars, with a keeper. And the place for ecclesiastics who believe in war, and for

civil rulers who believe in such ecclesiastics, is without the pale of pulpit or forum.

That the supernatural was enacted in the Salem witchcraft delusion is as certain as human testimony can make any thing. It was this general popular belief that upheld the government in their legal persecutions and public executions.

To us, in the light of our American secular government, republicanism and modern spiritualism, it is clearly a case of gross religious ignorance, political heresy, "doctrine of devils"—of madness and folly on the part of priests, magistrates and people, who all reasoned from false premises,—untrue abstract ideas of both Church and State, with a logic that was almost as terrible to the judges, juries, witnesses and spectators, as it was to the trembling victims themselves. The form and manner of the arraignment was one of the worst and most astonishing phases of the delusion. A person, perhaps a mere child, affirmed that at such a time and place, the apparition, or ghost of such and such a living man, or woman appeared to witness, and bewitched them—caused witness to do so and so, and sign his, or herself away, and that the devil's book contained the record.

Then the man or woman was arrested, when the accused might not have been within ten miles of the informer, tried, tortured to confess, goods confiscated, family broken up, good name blasted, all ending in confusion and wretchedness. I heard Dr. Phelps say he would rather his house had been burned, than to have his children become spiritual mediums. A pious, blameless, religious life was no shield nor protection against an irresponsible accusative informer. None were safe. In 1692, the spirit world came down upon, and entered into the natural world—just as it is now doing in 1881. In 1842, the Beechers, in New York, declared that spiritualism was real—but that it was of the devil. It only required the same union of the Ecclesiastical and Civil powers that existed in 1692 to have reproduced the scenes of New England witchcraft. Let all be thankful for the separation of Church and State in a government that respects the inalienable rights of

the Jews, Infidels, Pagans, Atheists, Materialist, as it does those of the marrying and fighting Christians who are working for such a government as existed in the times of New England witchcraft and spiritualism.

In the above article I have drawn literally from Allen Putnam's New England Witchcraft, a book I can highly recommend to the students of Scientific Spiritualism.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[NOTE.]

EXORCISING SPIRITS.

I had the following statement from the lips of Dr. Phelps of Stamford, Conn., which is a village of retired Gospel ministers:

When, beyond a doubt, his two children became Spiritual mediums — the wonder of the whole country — a meeting of the clergy and their deacons was convened to exorcise Spirits, as they had no legal power to kill the mediums.

Each one came armed with the sacred Word of God — a holy Bible. Whilst sitting all around the room, with the Bibles in their laps, the books began, of their own accord, to fly from one's lap at the head of one of the ministers across the room. This process being continued until the meeting was broken up in the utmost terror and confusion.

F. W. E.

MENDING A BACK.

RICHARD FLETCHER.

There is a bright side in a sick room, as one of our brothers lately proved while patiently enduring a painful tho' not serious "spell." To while away the hours of his almost willing imprisonment among sympathizing friends, who HAD been generally only common brothers and sisters, this cheerful patient wrote down the advice given him as freely as it was well intended.

Orders for a common attack of lumbago complicated with hypo and sciatica:

Take a wet sheet pack, a good dose of castor oil. Take blue pills; also senna and salts.

Try Belladonna Plaster. You need a good dose of rhubarb and jalap.

You need a good clearing out with pills, a capcine plaster, and a good rubbing with Pain King.

Do please put on some Thompson's genuine Opodeldoc. If you would take some Buchu you would be all right in a few days.

All you need is one dose of black cohosh and nux vomica.

Well, you might try that, and, if no better, Kennedy's Kidney Cure will fetch you around all right in two days.

Why, did they not tell you to take Gum Guaiac? It would bring you up soon.

Pshaw! There's nothing you need more than electricity; cure you in one day; you need a good portion of Mandrake, followed by Wine of Colchicum.

You don't live high enough, man! Take some old Stout and rare steak, with Dover's powders at night.

Too much sugar in your blood; avoid all sweets, and drink hard cider freely.

Why don't you send for Poland water?

Lie down on the floor and let me walk on your back, and you will get up well.

A good dose of gin and lemon will give you great relief if not a positive cure.

You ought to blister the back of your neck.

A good ginger and hop poultice would put a new back in you, or else use mustard drafts.

Why don't you give up and be doctored and not act so silly?

Just as brother Benj. Gates was about to decide which school of advice and kind theories to be patient under, his own good constitution brought the "crik" out of his back and the usual "spring" in again.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

GRUMBLERS.

ELLA L. BULKLEY.

"Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view;
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue."

How like a museum with its ever-varying crowd of humanity is a Shaker community!

Every race has there its type; every class its representative. Some have a glorious ever-dwelling sunshine; others nothing but darkness and clouds. These are the ones that require of others great patience and tact, to manipulate him into the paths of Christian respectability. It is a wonder even that we sometimes succeed. It is *no* wonder we frequently fail. Our doors standing wide open to receive such as the world sends, and trusting to Providence to glean from the chaff the occasional grain of wheat.

We are often deceived by this human drift; but never by the class known in natural history as "*Grumblers.*"

They are not generally depraved, some of them never break the ten commandments; many are of the strictest sect; but *nevertheless they are always grumbling.*

They don't seem really to wish you any real *awful* trouble; neither do they wish you to be unhappy; but it's a constant growl about somebody or something. Their eyesight is always keen—so keen that straight things to them become crooked. You might do a thousand good things and they would never find it out; but just make one false step, and they spring upon you without mercy. They seem to think it an absolute necessity, in order to fit you for Heaven, to make you perfectly miserable on earth. They have a peculiar dislike to sunshine. Their aim is to keep every one, but themselves, constantly on the stool of repentance. If one is light-hearted, they taunt them with frivolity; if reflective, and a little quiet, they laugh and say you are "getting good." If ever, by a miracle, one succeeds in pleasing them, they are sure, as soon as they recover their equilibrium, to make you regret such trifling with their feelings. It is a sin in their sight to show contentment, and awful to show a feeling of being happy with present surroundings. In fact to professional grumblers nothing is ever right.

A person that blows up once in a while and gives vent in strong language to their ailments can be borne with: a good, smart storm clears the atmosphere, but this perpetual, cold drizzle brings with it no compensation. The fact is, some people prefer to have something to grumble about. If there

is a snag in the stream they see it. Sometimes present troubles will not suffice. Their imagination soars far off into the future, and they fret about *what may possibly happen*. If they have something to growl about, all right; if not, they invent it; and the trouble is, those about them are always as uncomfortable as themselves.

What a blessing a retreat for grumblers would be! but oh, how doleful such an institution! After all though, "like cures like," and certainly it would be either "kill or cure," for they could not stand long under each other's temperaments, and in the course of time, perhaps, they would see that sunshine is far more desirable than clouds; that cheerfulness is a duty we owe to God, our companions and ourselves, to make life endurable. We were not created to bring darkness with us and throw it around wherever we happen to be. It is our duty to make life a pleasure, take what enjoyment we find, and give all the pleasure we can. There are those whose very presence is sunshine.

"Some who, with thankful hearts are filled,
If but one streak of light—
One ray of God's good mercy gild—
The darkness of their night."

Union Village, O.

WORK AS A MODE OF WORSHIP.

C. B. BOSTWICK.

The quaint simplicity of our songs must often strike the mind of strangers with a sense of freshness and beauty, as refreshing as it is pleasant; some of the ideas expressed have a tendency to recur again and again, until the mind is perforce obliged to take up the train of thought suggested. In one of our songs occurs the phrase: "The Lord will require His own with usury." This sentence has caused, by the process above hinted at, the following stray thoughts on work as a mode of worship.

How can we best show our respect, or in other words, worship, to the Giver of all good? reasoning by analogy I would say, by increasing our endeavors to make the best use of the gifts God has bestowed on

us whether bodily or mental. We all have a gift either small or great; it matters not how small, be earnest in trying to make the best of it. If it lies in mechanism, science, agriculture, &c., &c., all these require improvement. Get all the available knowledge in the direction your gift leads and go ahead; but don't get discouraged that you can't lift the world, tunnel the Rocky mountains, or some other large feat, when perhaps there is a bad place in the road at your very door that you could mend well, and make of use to all; or if a farmer, whose class is to my mind the noblest on earth, learn your business thoroughly from every source, it does not matter where, men, books or nature, but don't be content to do a thing because "it has been done so for the last generation or two and will do for you," it won't do for you, be sure of that. "The Lord requires his own with usury," and the usury can be best attained by improving your gift and making your land produce more than your predecessor by the skill you bring to bear on it.

By doing this you have three causes of satisfaction: you are doing the will of God by improving your talents, you have increased the yield of your land, and have also the satisfaction of being a direct encourager, (by example, which is better than precept), of others in the same path, and lastly, all the time you have been working, you have been worshiping God by doing his will. This will be found to be the case throughout all the gifts of God; if the gift be small make it of use by constant practice of it; if it be large, then, my friend, a greater responsibility rests upon you, "the greater the gift, the greater the burden." An earnest worker is one of God's true nobility; he is trying to do all he knows, and by respecting the gift, he respects the giver. If Vanderbilt, Jay Cooke, or any such were to give you any thing and wish you to use and improve it, would not you try? Then why not try much more to improve that which a greater than they has given you. Our Foundress said: "Hands to work, hearts to God," and also "do your work as though you had to die to-morrow, and as if you had to live a thousand years," thus proving that work

had a higher value than the one commonly set on it.

There is as much worship in good workmanship done in the right spirit, as in any other act; the spirit of the thing done and not the act itself is the key to tell whether anything done be worship or not, but God, the master workman, who has made the minutest insect with as much care as the mammoth elephant, sets us the example of good work. Imitation is the sincerest praise.

Mount Lebanon.

MEANS AND ENDS.

O. C. HAMPTON.

The several phases of Shakers' destiny as individuals, and also as a community, may be conveniently divided into two distinct departments, viz.: *means* and *ends*. These considered distinctly may give rise to suggestions enabling us to meet the every-day experiences of a religious life with more serenity and resignation than we otherwise would. The *means* by which we are gradually elevated to higher and higher degrees of holiness and happiness, being nearly all in direct antagonism with our lower instincts and are necessarily painful. Consequently to take hold of these means and put them into active and successful practice is something like proposing to one's self to dwell in "perpetual burnings." I have, to be sure, met with individuals who affected to be almost insulted to be told that there could be any pain or suffering in doing good and practicing righteousness and holiness—that after they were once convinced of truth in any direction, it was only a pleasure to practice it—ignoring entirely the universally recognized doctrine of "no cross, no crown." But I never found one of that class in my life, who abounded in works of self-sacrifice for the good of others, or even very instant in season and out of season in governing their own disagreeable idiosyncracies and lower proclivities to sensuality and selfishness. If you wish to measure the forbearance, modesty, tolerant spirit such a one is in possession of, enter into a discussion as moderately as you may with him or her,

and on a subject in which you do not see quite alike, and though the point may be of no importance whatever, still, if you do not accept without parley every thing they have to say (and such generally wish to say about *all* there is to be said thereupon) you will soon find that their patience is not as long as a drawing-knife handle. Such therefore cannot consistently be considered practical exponents of a gospel which openly professes "that through much tribulation we shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." But once more to the means. These are as various as the circumstances, temptations, trials, different degrees of amiability or otherwise, obtain in society, or in the experience of individual life. The means of final salvation and triumph over evil, though in many respects the same with *all* individuals and communities, yet in many *minor* respects according to divers idiosyncracies of physiological, mental and spiritual character are necessarily very greatly modified. And now if some bright, intelligent man, angel, or redeemed spirit would step in and impart to me two great mysteries of godliness, how soon might I draw this subject to a close. 1. How so to manipulate the condition of all Zion, temporally, spiritually, individually, and socially, with the least possible amount of friction consistent with the safety of the institution, and how to clothe each individual of our earthly Zion with such heavenly wisdom as to enable every one to meet the trials, self-abnegation and searching self-discipline necessary to refinement and purity with the least amount of friction possible.

But alas! It seems that nothing but the slow grinding mills of experience, and the still slower evolutions of universal progress, can furnish this precious knowledge or open the innumerable combination locks of these great mysteries. But how often the prophetic gleams of future triumph and heavenly peace suddenly break through the clouds of sorrow, scattering all darkness and sadness and blessing us for hours and even sometimes whole days and weeks, cheering and recuperating hope, and calm consolation, as though we had already entered upon the full fruition of our final Heaven. Sometimes

this is done by means of instrumentalities we little suspected of possessing such power. I remember years and years ago of going to my spiritual adviser for comfort or at least ability to stand, under almost unendurable tribulation. He said "I propose to spend the afternoon in calling to mind one by one in mere mechanical succession, all the regulations governing our family. You need not dwell upon them, or make any application of them," said he, "but merely call them over." Now I could not see the remotest relation between my suffering and the remedy; for the stringency of these very regulations were a very weighty coefficient of the unknown quantity thereof. However, as a drowning man in this sea of perdition, I caught at the straw reached out to me and went into thorough compliance with the counsel of my good old spiritual adviser. The cloud went up from about my habitation and was succeeded by one of the most serene periods of sunshine and consolation, I ever experienced. I don't think a dispensation of exactly that kind, of such length and severity and from precisely similar causes, ever visited me any more from that day to this. I would infer from this that one at least of the methods of releasement and abatement of friction and severe trials, must be sought from the *inspirational* side of our nature, rather than that of the philosophical. To be sure the aftermath of experience yields us wisdom, patience, courage, etc., but for the deadly struggles of the days of *inexperience*, give me the rich inspirations of well traveled saints, all the nonsense of "be your own Saviour," "individual sovereignty," etc., etc., to the contrary notwithstanding. Thus much of means; of ends in relation thereto, anon.

SHALL STANDING ARMIES BE ABOLISHED?

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN RUSKIN, ENGLAND.

"Inasmuch as you have done good, you have done it unto me."

Emotions of thankfulness for the standard of righteousness you have unfurled in the

British empire, is my apology for this intrusion.

I have read your work on "Political Economy," having for its central idea "Unto this last, even as unto thee, will I give a penny." The central idea of the political economy of modern civilization is "men are commodities." It has been truthfully said "that to make men commodities is the sum of all villainies." Therefore modern civilization is that sum. From that central idea, we have pauperism, crime, standing armies, a vast network of debts, and a system of usury, in itself a sum of huge villainies, corrupting public morals with the presence of luxurious idlers, and with hungry multitudes offering themselves in the marts of labor.

It is poor economy "to make men commodities," dangerous to the public peace, enormously expensive, and as wicked as it is costly. In the armies and navies of Europe the assumption is, that more than nine millions are directly, or indirectly employed fulfilling the demands of war. In the forests, getting timber and charcoal, in the mines, getting iron, lead, and other metals. Getting brimstone, saltpetre; preparing fulminates. In the fields raising hemp, flax, and cotton; in spinning, weaving, and making swords, guns, and gunpowder, and other destructive things. In ship-yards, docks, warehouses, and in the actual service of war. The business of all these millions is to consume and to destroy.

Suppose these costly ships of war, and all property connected with war are convertible and sold at cost; would not the incredible amount furnish materials for all the farm-houses and barns these millions might want? Again suppose, that these millions remain paid and officered for two years, and that these able-bodied men build these houses and barns, and that the cavalry horses be detailed to assist. The men not engaged in building, to be employed to clear and drain the land, planting fruit trees, plowing, and in putting in as great a breadth of winter grain as can be well done. In war, great efforts are made; in this case, make efforts to stock these farms with animals. In the spring all hands will be free to put in grain, roots, beans, peas, and fodder plants. The

winter grain will be ready to harvest soon; the beans, peas, and roots will then be available. When the pay is discontinued, a heavy burden will be removed from the shoulders of the people, and Europe delivered from war and its expenses. Instead of the war-cry, "give us men and money," the professional destructives will be transformed into useful men having stores of something to eat, to dispose of, and to enrich the fields for future crops. Near the end of the third year, these nine millions of able-bodied men will be self-supporting, and able to furnish breadstuffs (or their equivalents) enough to feed about half the population of Europe. Many may say, that the idea is not practical; is it not practical to beat a sword into a pruning-hook? Is peace not cheaper than war? Practicability and cheapness, are they not twin cousins? Have we come to that, that folly and wickedness are more practical, than their opposites?

Your system of education "training youth hygienically and morally," teaching them to be healthy and strong, "and to be just and kind to one another," rests on the physical nature of man, and on his moral relationships. The system now in vogue, from the A B C to the end of the chapter, rests on no such foundation. It does not deal with the *forces of life*, the emotions; but with the intellect, the *servant* of these forces. On this system of education modern civilization rests; and the underlying morality of it is, "Unless you rob somebody, you will never be rich." It almost ignores human emotions, and goes a great way toward arresting physical development, and self-reliant usefulness. Gives a knowledge of words and figures, but not of the nature of the emotions. Cultivates the memory but not the conscience, and throws a materialistic crust over the human spirit. A hygienic and moral education brings young people into the open air and gives useful exercise therein: shows them how to provide for themselves, and for the demands of social life, and introduces them to a knowledge of the spirituality of their being. No opposition can upset your positions; the more you are assailed, the clearer will the principles, and the facts you have presented be.

I have had some opportunity of testing a degree of hygiene applied to a few boys. Their diet consisted mainly of breadstuffs, milk and fruit; flesh-meats, tea, coffee, etc., were not used. There is a touch of instinct about us that recoils from taking the life of a chicken or a lamb; not so with fruits, our hands are adapted to taking, and our mouths to eating them. Our legs and feet are made but for moderate locomotion—not made to run after animals, nor our hands to tear them to pieces.

Before breakfast every boy had something to care for that involved labor, and served as an introduction to the duties of the day, on the farm or in the garden. The strength and tenacity of muscle these boys acquired surprised me; also did the endurance, power of recuperation and buoyancy of spirits they possessed. No listlessness; all that was necessary, was to direct their action, and that their leader should fare and work as they did. If any thing occurred to mar the peace or affect the rights of any boy, it had a good effect to turn the school into a court of justice, and make the boys jurors, and justly and kindly settle the little difficulties. They felt better after the trial and a wholesome moral tone was created. In such cases, the feelings of the boy tried should be considered, that the sentiment of the court is not to punish, but to do justice.

I was pleased that the bishop of Manchester was led to write to you on the subject of "taking interest on money lent," and sorry that a person of his standing should for an instant entertain favorable sentiments in regard to the "giant sin of the age," and seek to support the monstrous iniquity by referring to one of the parables of the Savior. First, He ought to know that no authority can make wrong right; second, that the parables were drawn from the common actions of men, and that for ages in the money marts of Palestine, the Jews treated the heathens as *they* treat one another—take usury; third, the bishop knows, that it is contrary to Jewish law, to take any increase on any thing lent to a brother Jew. If wrong for Jews, can it be right for Christians to take interest on money lent?

The direct teachings of the Father of the

New Creation on this point are "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away. Lend, hoping for nothing again."

Desiring that the governments of this world that operate by force and fraud, may be so changed, as to operate justly and beneficially, is the prayer of

Very respectfully,

Your Friend,

DANIEL FRASER.

INGERSOLL'S CREED.

[From one lecture of Ingersoll we cull the following thoughtful assertions. Ingersoll is an infidel to the Christ of the popular churches; but for the *real* Christ he has the largest respect. So long as Ingersoll, or any other infidel, has an ardent love for the "Sermon on the Mount," and has the greatest respect for honest men, with a hatred of hypocrisy, injustice, and impurity, he is our friend and we his. Barring the fact, that Ingersoll hurts our educated feelings, by his sometimes apparently sacrilegious remarks, few men who say so much, savor more of wisdom.—ED.]

Honest industry is as good as pious idleness.

Every demonstrated fact is a verse in my Bible.

Every school-house is a cathedral in my religion.

Real charity is to help the poor to help themselves.

The Presbyterian God damns people to glorify himself.

No devil has ever been so bad as the Presbyterian God.

Christ believed the temple of God to be the heart of man.

There was never a Presbyterian half so bad as his creed.

I have no ambition to be a winged pauper of the skies.

If ever I go to heaven I want to take my reason with me.

If I owe Smith \$10 and God forgives me, that don't pay Smith.

If we can't have a heaven without a hell then abolish both.

God will not damn a good citizen, a good father, nor a good friend.

If there is a God in the universe he will not damn an honest man.

There is only one true worship, and that is the practice of justice.

Whenever a man can climb, help him climb, and make him climb.

Fear is a kind of dagger with which hypocrisy assassinates the soul.

I will never ask God to treat me any fairer than I do my fellow-men.

Make the best of this world; do the same of the next when you get there.

Let any church get control of power and you have the end of political liberty.

If I go to heaven and see even one of those I love in hell, I'll want to emigrate.

There is not a word in the gospel about keeping Sunday and going to church.

The most sacred edifice ever reared is home; the most sacred altar the fireside.

As if an infinite God would stand angry forever and ever at the insect called man!

Dignity is a mask some people wear to keep you from finding out how little they know.

John Calvin and John Knox fitted each other like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast.

Presbyterianism looks upon a baby as a lump of total depravity; I, as a bud of humanity.

I want to satisfy every mother rocking her baby that she is not raising kindling wood for hell.

I would rather be annihilated than sit at God's right hand and know that a man was damned.

If you go to hell it will be for not practicing the virtues which the Sermon on the Mount proclaims.

If you forgive others God will forgive you. That's a fair bargain. You get nothing more than you earn.

Reason is the light of the soul, and if you haven't the right to follow it, what have you the right to follow?

The churches for hundreds of years have always been willing to trade off treasures in heaven for cash down.

The Episcopal church is very fond of dig-

nity. Let every thing be done decently and in order, no matter who goes to the devil.

If Christ were to come again and the churches were to try to crucify him, as they did before, I would do my best to prevent it.

The church of England exists by law and a man is saved by act of Parliament. I suppose thousands of souls have been damned on demurrer.

Whittfield believed in slavery because the negro stolen from Africa would be benefited by the Christian example of the gentlemen who stole him.

If preachers would turn their attention to cooking for the next three months they would do more good than they have done by preaching in the last 300 years.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." This was foretold of the preachers. But when they get sick themselves they fly to the doctor.

A little miracle now, right here — just a little one — would do more toward the advancement of Christianity than all the preaching of the last thirty years.

Study the religion of the body in preference to the religion of the soul. A healthy body will give a healthy mind, and a healthy mind will destroy superstition.

Jesus Christ was a Nazarene peasant, a great, good, and serene man, and I pay him the tribute of my love and my tears. But for the theological Christ I have no respect,

The best man ever God made deserved damning, according to the Presbyterians, the moment he was done, and then think that we must go back to the same shop for repairs.

If I meet in heaven some man whom I gouged on earth out of \$300, and which God forgave me, he'll be likely to make it uncomfortable for me and make me wish I'd settled in another star.

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. But when did you see a rich church member unload because of this text?

An infallible pope is no more absurd than an infallible book, and a good deal better in some ways, for you can change the pope but you can't the book, unless you keep revising it all the time.

LEAVES FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS.

GRATIA H. HARE.

[The following was sent us for publication. Out of respect for the parties so sending, we comply, hoping great good may come from the same.—Ed.]

Shall I, a child born but to love,
And through its sweets to find above
The wisdom that from love evolves
And it to its own law resolves;
In whom affections, like the spring
From which the cooling draught you bring,
Gushes in constant pearly flow
With gifts for all where it shall go ?
Shall I be brought subjective to
Rough passion's sway in all I do,
And feel its waves, all steeped in earth,
And, deeply dyed from fleshly birth,
Rush madly o'er my world and me,
All beauty through its coloring see ?
Must all affection's waters be
Lost in such tumultuous sea,
Diluted from its purity ?

* * * * *

He, whom his manhood hath conserved,
And hath his passion's force reserved,
Walks the earth, to-day a Lord,
His garments, e'en, with life are stored;
The very hem of which would heal
The saddest pain that hearts can feel.
Oh, man ! my brother, through this trust
That life evolves e'en from the dust,
Though crucifixion be the cost,
The gain is life, death only's lost.
And if thy sister tempt thee, "eat
The fruit," as to the taste most sweet,
Tell her of life ; its forces will,
Through broken branch, in waste distill ;
And that the tree that beauteous waves
Its branches clothed with glossy leaves
All fragrant in life's nectared breath,
Through waste would fill the air with death
To her thou'lt be a Savior ; then
A Jesus be 'midst other men.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

ANNIE E. MILLS.

I speak not of the wealth of the great deep sea ; of the gems so eagerly sought for which lie embedded in the sands of the ocean, and for which men risk their lives by diving to the bottom shut up in diving bells, which must, if they but stop to think, appear like living tombs.

I would not speak of such pearls which are but trifles when compared with the rich gems found in the great sea of humanity. Consider for a moment the bright and illustrious minds in ages past, who have been called from time to eternity, but who have left on record their lives of truth and honor, which are worth far more than *rubies* ; of the sainted ones who have passed away who were so untiring, pleading with and teaching, not only by precept, but by daily example, the way to worth and highest standard of life.

But we are not obliged to look back and call from the *grave*, to have it give up its *dead*, in order to prove that the possession of truth and noble honor is far superior to that beauty which can be paid for with the *paltry dollar*, for the love of truth, and a desire to shun every appearance of evil is the greatest gift God ever gave to man.

But what are these pearls ? Are they not of the mind ? the intellect ? in short, the whole souls of men ? "And what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what will he give in exchange for his soul ?"

And further, are our talents and time given to us for use or abuse ? Are we not responsible for the gems intrusted to our care, even if they may be small or illustrious ? But would the valuable pearls or precious stones, if left in the bottom of the sea, be more than the pebble by the roadside if left for all time in oblivion ? Do they not have to pass through the hands of the refiner to be polished until rays gleam forth in dazzling brightness ?

How thankful we should be for the gift of conscience, endeavoring to have it show up for each day's work a clear record, being

careful else it be contaminated with evil literature, evil associations, idleness, untruthfulness, dishonesty, envy, jealousy and strife, until it becomes so seared and blackened with sin that we deprive ourselves of the lofty enjoyments God designed for us in the beginning. It matters not how long we may live, our time here is but short, if spent in doing good; if our every-day life tends to promote the good of others, and in all things we have an eye single to the honor and glory of God.

We will, at the end of the race, obtain the pearl of great price — the salvation of the soul — which will shine more and more bright through all eternity.

Waterloot, O.

SELF CULTURE.

ODILON ELKINS.

We honor the day which, in all the ages of the Christian era, has been annually celebrated and honored, in all Christian lands, with a universal sentiment of tender regard paid to no other event on record.

It is in our fraternity, as abroad, looked upon as *the* time to mend old differences, to cement anew the fractures which our intercourse as brothers and sisters, or as friends, may have sustained during the year; and to renew those feelings of love, good-will, and kind wishes, without which life is indeed a dreary experience.

If this is an appropriate time to make amends for violated feelings, to seek reconciliation with our injured or injuring companion, it would seem, also, a fit time to consider upon those habits of conduct which serve to make life pleasant or unpleasant; — to reflect upon those words which sting, and looks which wound the sensibilities of those about us; and above all, to dwell upon the inner life — the thoughts — the feelings, whence issue these powerful agents of evil.

Some one has said: "For one occasion where we are liable to offend by deed, there are a hundred where we are liable to do so by our words; and for one time when we may profit another by any deed, there are a

hundred when we may do this by our words."

While we are seeking self-improvement in these important matters, minor points should not be overlooked; — while we studiously avoid saying that which will wound, and try to say those things which will cheer and encourage, we should seek to avoid incorrectness, and improprieties of speech. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, is a maxim of which we are making practical application in reference to singing and reading, and it should also be applied to our conversation.

We should talk by rule, as well as read or sing by rule. Two extremes are frequently to be found in our conversation: one is an extreme carelessness in the choice of our words, and the pronunciation of them; the other is the introduction of far-fetched, pompous words, when simpler words are more agreeable to good taste. Common words for common things is an acknowledged rule. Also, if we would have our language agreeable to cultured ears, we should exclude all slang, or cant words. Of course we would not swear; that would not do for us; but there are many expressions current with us, which are, to my mind simply substitutes for profanity. Every one of these, however harmless it may seem, is a blemish in our intercourse; — is gross, and far beneath our high profession. In proof that I do not alone hold this view, I could name many bright examples in our midst from whom I have never heard a syllable of this description. The purity and holiness of our cause is so great, that anything not chaste and refined is out of proportion in our home.

In regard to speaking by rule, some will say there is not time to attend to such trifles now — there is so much work in hand — the next life may be a more convenient place to take up these secondary matters. I have never learned that to exercise all the care needful to speak as correctly as one knows, requires extra time, or infringes upon other duties. Indeed it seems more evident, that in consequence of this self-discipline, we should bring to the discharge of our duties a greater thoroughness and fullness of pur-

pose, with a feeling that all the needed improvements are moving along hand in hand, and that each of these is to adorn our Zion.

However this may be, we shall surely take our habits along, and that indifference which we manifest in this life will still be a controlling force with us.

While we are ordinarily too thoughtless of how we speak, in meeting perhaps we are too careful, and take too much thought lest we violate some custom or rule of propriety.

We find too much restraint in meeting, and too little elsewhere. Where we ought to exercise great spiritual freedom, we grip the reins tightly, and where we need the reins we relax.

Whenever we meet for devotional or social exercises, we are conscious of a power within which restrains us from speaking our plain feelings, and doing it with plainness. It is a painful self-consciousness, producing fears that what we may say, while favorably received by some, may not be by others. Possibly we may not be so precise as others, or we may overstep the customary formalities, and say something uncommon; in a word, we may be original. Whoever can be original has an enviable gift—one which should not be hidden in a napkin. We should put aside all thought of how others may be impressed by our remarks. The honesty of our motives will manifest itself and be sure of a response. Besides, there may not be outside of self any occasion for distrust. While we are imagining that others may feel to treat our offerings with a scornful dissent, there may not exist such an inclination. If there does, it is a shame only to those who entertain it. They only are the legitimate objects of contempt.

While I think we should endeavor to speak properly everywhere, I also know that the mortification that results from a failure to be as euphonic as we might desire is of greater benefit to us than success in the highest degree.

Nothing so damages this self pride which looms up within so mountain-like. Still we dread it more than a cold bath. This has been called Shaker pride, and although common to the whole human family, among us it seems to have attained a peculiar

development. But it has no place in the character of a thorough Shaker. There it is superseded by an oblivion of self—by a devotion to what is true and right, blended with an unassuming simplicity, and with all dignity of demeanor.

I am sensible that there is nothing merry in all this; yet I know that your toleration is only equaled by a desire that all gifts be made public.

Enfield, N. H.

"LET HIM TELL A DREAM."—JER.

O. PRENTISS.

Fifty-nine years ago, I had a dream. Journeying from east to west, like the cars of progress, I found many hills to climb and descend. After each hill a swamp—here, I had to hop from bog to bog, occasionally slipping between—a long and toilsome journey.

Having ascended and descended all the little hills, and passed all the swamps, I was on *terra firma*, gradually ascending a mighty big hill. The way was rough, rocky and thorny—growing steeper all the way.

After a long, laborious climb, an apparently insurmountable precipice, not much unlike the wall, on the Canada side, at the foot of Niagara Falls, Table Rock and all, seemed to effectually block my further progress.

Did I give it up? By efforts Herculean I climbed, getting both arms on the Table Rock, and resting from my labors a moment, one more effort carried me clear from the penitentiary.

On the border of a gently ascending plane, a land of calm sunshine and gentle breezes, perpetual verdure and perpetual bloom, what do I now care for the trying scenes of the past?

I bless my saints for those heart-searching ordeals, enabling me to decide the question—am I a *vertebrate*—viz., only a reptile?

For a brief period, after reaching the plane, the rugged path I had trodden was in full view. Passing cozily on, the gently ascending, ever-increasing in beauty plane, the

rugged ordeals vanished from sight—from recollection.

I told the dream to Elder Calvin Wells. He said, "It is a gift to you—an epitome of your life's journey."

I'm not disposed now to question his interpretation.

In this, or in some of the worlds without end, amen, all souls must have penitentiary graduation, either voluntary or by compulsion.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A GENUINE CHRISTIAN'S TESTIMONY.

MOUNT LEBANON, }
January 1, 1881. }

Beloved Brother Albert.—I wish to add my testimony in support of the present work of God on earth; I feel a great interest in the Gospel of Christ and of Mother Ann. It will slay the "man of sin," and give life to the souls of all who obey it. To my gospel companions I would say, be faithful and true to your trust; God has called you to a great and glorious work; and every soul that has been called into the gospel work will be accountable for what use they make of their day and privilege. The work of God will never fail. It is built on a *sure* and unfailing foundation. Christ has made a second manifestation through the female order, and the work is complete; the male and female communicants of the Christian faith can now stand equals. These are the latter days spoken of in Scripture, when God would set up his everlasting kingdom never more to have an end. Beloved gospel companions, we are now enjoying a very great blessing which God has bestowed upon us, and all who have been faithful to live out the true principles of the gospel of Christ know it to be the power of God unto salvation from sin. This salvation is gained by an honest confession and repentance of every thing that does not center to Christ's kingdom. In the first opening of our gospel testimony in this land, souls that went to see Mother Ann and the first elders, were instructed plainly and kindly in a manner they could understand. They were told, the first step that any soul could take toward the kingdom of

heaven was to honestly confess their sins one by one as they were committed as nearly as possible; and the witnesses boldly testified their calling. Their testimony was sharp, and powerful as a two-edged sword against every kind of sin. I wish the same testimony could go forth to the world now, to awaken consciences to know what sin is, and prepare souls for the gospel. I fully believe that many who come in among us in this day never enter into the heart-searching work which the gospel requires. Therefore they cannot abide. They seem willing to own that some things they have done were wrong—things that they did not feel much ashamed of, and pass over in silence sins of greater magnitude, and never delve to the bottom of their secret lives to expose their filthy works of darkness which they feel so ashamed to have known. Let all remember there is nothing done in the dark but what must come to the light, before any soul can enter the kingdom of heaven. Souls may try to deceive for a while, but they will sooner or later fall out by the way. They cannot endure the gospel fire. No half-way work will ever do. God requires a full sacrifice of all that is sinful and unclean. It is the pure in heart alone that can commune with God.

AMOS STEWART.

OF THE SHAKER GRANGE.

AMESBURY, MASS., Dec. 17, 1880.

Friend Polly Reed, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.:

It is only a few days since the SHAKER MANIFESTO came into my possession. It is the first Shaker publication apart from a little pamphlet of *belief* I have ever seen or read. The glorious principle of unselfishness and holiness is the pervading Spirit. By its perusal my interest is at once enlisted. What has hitherto been the unsightly *phantom* of blind prejudice is awakened by a better comprehension into warm regard and sympathy, and a desire to become identified with such commendable activities.

An item in the MANIFESTO states that any one can become a *Granger* after the Shaker style by remitting ten cents to Polly Reed. I avail myself of the privilege, trusting that the membership from such small beginnings

will prove fraternal and worthy of additional membership by one and the same person.

With my best wishes for your health and happiness; and the prosperity of the much-misunderstood "Institution" that you are identified with,

I am yours inquiringly,

WM. H. H. DENHURST.

[Written for THE MANIFESTO.]

MY SKEIN OF YARN.

BY EMMA A. LENT.

Long years ago the skein was wound,
And careless hands had tucked away
The ball, so hard, and smooth, and round,
On which my thoughts have chanced to
stray
And I have taken out to-day.

The threads are finer now, than when
The knots and tangles vexed me so,
I wonder if life's errors then,
Recorded in the long ago
Will ever any fainter grow.

This ball brings back an anxious night,
When silently I watched alone,
Beside the bed, and shaded light,
Till startled by the sleeper's moan,
I solaced her with touch or tone.

And yet my thoughts were far from sad,
As busily I wound this skein,
A glad, sweet hope, all fear forbade,
I knew she would be well again,
Because His prayers would conquer pain.

His potent prayer, for me and mine
Were such support, I could not faint,
I did not lean on love divine,
He had become my patron saint,
Through Him, the Lord would hear my
plaint.

Fierce furnace flames, my heart have tried,
And sorely smitten from the heat,
My soul in sack-cloth feign would hide,
'Till I all broken at His feet
Can cry, dear Lord, "Thy will is sweet."

While in the fire, I could not make
An out-cry, for I knew God's hand
The bruised reed would never break,
The smoking flax His love hath fanned,
Until I see my fatherland.

The sick one lived, the strong one fell,
In one short week the crown was won;
And now I know that it is well,
Though all are taken one by one,
Dear Father let "Thy will be done."

Roxford Flats, N. Y.

Editorial.

THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

We are afraid, not only sometimes, but often, lest the true missionary spirit will be lost sight of, and Christians be left to the enjoyment of themselves and their financial accumulations, while those whom they seem to know are not Christians, will be left without the knowledge of what the professors know to be "the one true and only way." We are sorry, not only for our Church, but for all other Churches in the land which profess Christianity, where members thereof feel a contentedness in enjoying every good which the gospel, according to their interpretation thereof will give them, unless they feel such an ardent desire — such a loving, human, Christian feeling — that they are willing, yea anxious to share everything they have, even to the last crust, that others may know and feel to enjoy the blessings of the gospel of Christ as they are enjoying the same. The principality of selfishness is of the devil in and to the gospel of Christ. We therefore proclaim and maintain that the selfishness of self is destructive to the best interests of what any individual, professing to be in possession of the gospel of Christianity, claims to be the duty of a Christian missionary.

The development of true Christianity will make a new creature of any man or woman. Not only does this development cause an individual to leave self and selfishness so far as to love their neighbor equal to self, but *insists* that the neighbor shall share at self's expense *better than self*. "Who is

our neighbor?" Let it be remembered that Jesus thus enforced the lesson: That an individual went out of his way to find a subject upon which to exercise something superior to Judaical teachings. Too many self-constituted Christians are acting the part of the Levite, and are saving their precious selves, and their more precious funds for the same precious care of self. Too few of those professing Christianity are acting the part of the good Samaritan, by giving both funds and self for the good of others. "Let your lights so shine"—not for the simple enjoyment of all self can enjoy, but—for the benefit of those you and we believe to be in error and danger. Let us recall the fact, that Jesus, in enforcing this missionary spirit took pains to select as an exemplar of merciful missions, one who was not in accord with those of his own immediate race. It is to be hoped, that in this late day of enlightened Christianity, those who are really (or who think they are) in possession of the most discreet elements of the true Christian faith, will leave it for those outside of their immediate body to transcend them in one of the most advanced Christian duties—the missionary duty,—and excel them in the denial of themselves, to administer gospel comforts to those whom they should supply, and thus get the terrible rebuke of ancient days—"even as ye did it not unto the least of these," ye are not my disciples!

We are dying of selfishness, unless we are very alive to the call of Christ, to "*go preach the gospel.*" If we have the gospel in excess of our fellows, let us so love them that we will preach the gospel with our means and by our ex-

ample. Let us begin by the true criterion of so loving our fellows at home—our nearest neighbors—that we are willing and anxious to fare and share, even more than we have, that they may feel the goodness of the gospel equal to ourselves. The gospel missionary must be one of the most unselfish of individuals; and ere such can be an exact imitator of the unselfish Christ, there is nothing they possess that will be too precious to part with to preach the gospel.

☆

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"LEAVE US NOT IN TEMPTATION."

We strongly object to the "old line" of policy in teaching "The Lord's Prayer." The implication of the expression "*Lead us not into temptation*"—is a fear lest the good spirit would lead us thither unless petitioned to the contrary. The true spirit of the prayer would and does indicate a way out of human depravity, inclination and difficulty. The same, and fully as necessary, desirable condition of the child, as the man or woman, is that neither should be *left in a state of temptation.*

We are not sufficiently learned to assert the fact of genuine interpretation of the original, but we deliver the common sense interpretation, taught us by our Shaker preceptors, to pray "*LEAVE US NOT IN TEMPTATION.*"

THE WEST POINT APPOINTEE.

We wonder at the inordinate compliments that are being bestowed upon General Howard, who lately displaced General Schofield at the military

academy at West Point, N. Y.! We have long been aware of the eulogiums conferred upon O. O. Howard as a very Christian gentleman. Our religious contemporaries have been very liberal in their compliments of his Christian character. We ask all such, and the General himself, to consider for a few moments how Christian he or any man can be, who believes in war, and the instruction of war to the as yet uninitiated?

We ask them to recall the testimony of General Schofield on the Whittaker trial, wherein he asserted that "The Bible may teach such foolishness as turning the other cheek when one is assaulted, *but we teach no such foolishness here!*" We simply would assert, in repetition of the first best Christian, "My servants will not fight!" and we would simply add that we opine General Howard is either no Christian, or that the U. S. Government has made a mistake in the appointment, or perhaps better, Howard has gone there in the interest of the Lord to convert that devilish institution into a *peaceable array for the Lord—than which the U. S. Government could expend its funds for no better purpose.*

THE HAPPY OMEN.

"The present age perceives that there are bonds of union far more important than doctrinal divisions."

The above we clip from the editorial note of *The Christian Union* which commented upon that nature's nobleman, deceased, E. H. Chapin.

We hope all our dear friends will read, and ponder upon the noble, unsectarian sentiments of the above paragraph. Thirty years ago, Dr.

Chapin suffered the ignominy of the direct persecutions of pen, press and pulpit. At his funeral, as if to make amends for the iniquities of their early educators, there gathered, to pay the sincerest of respects, clergymen of all the denominations which a quarter of a century ago so detested him and his love for humanity, which so loved God as to believe God hated no one. "The world does move;" and with it its theological, biased prejudices grow less. Thirty years from now, who knows how much more men will love each other and how fewer creeds there will be, and what there are, how much nearer like Christ, who was positively non-sectarian!

TO OUR CHILDREN.

We purpose in the future, a few simple talks with the children upon subjects that will interest and instruct them.

While we have tried that the "Grotto" should not be neglected, we mean to do better still, and digest the wisdom of the wise, and bring it to the comprehension of our juveniles. Let our boy and girl readers trust us, and we will tell them some things in the future they will be glad to hear.

THIS NUMBER OF THE MANIFESTO.

We ask kindly criticism of this number of *THE MANIFESTO*, believing we present to our readers a valuable issue. The leading article would grace any Magazine in our land, and is full of facts, which should lead us who live to-day to be very grateful for the improved state of *civil and religious* conditions which have arisen from the separation of Church and State, un-

holy coalitions; and should put us more on our guard, to ever make the breach wider and wider.

None will read Bro. Fraser's letter to John Ruskin, without yielding the fact that it is full of consistency, and one of the grand hopes of the millennium on earth. We hope and believe both of the above articles will be extensively copied. We readily yield to the reason of Bro. Bostwick, though there may be some who think singing psalms eternally is more reasonable worship than doing good works. Bro. B. is correct.

Whoever has read H. W. Beecher, on "*The Cynic*," will find that lecture equaled, if not excelled by our talented sister on "Grumblers." We hope for more of such truthful, spicy pictures from her pen; and who knows of the breaking down of the "*Iron Will*," of Dunstan Kirke, in Steele McKaye's drama, will agree that Bro. Elkins has given us a similar lesson — to the breaking down or up of some of our idiosyncracies. Thanks to Elder Buckingham for his poem, at nearly eighty years of age. The sweet verses of Emma A. Lent, originally published by us, sing of sweet trust and hopeful content, than whom none need such consolations more than she, who, though blind, is one of the most ingenious and industrious of goody goodies. "Mending a Back" is good, and is intended as a death blow to "quacks." Others must excuse creditable comments, though worthy. Barring the simple editorials, we know we present a good number — and if we failed in all else, the beautiful music form the North Family, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., will make ample amends.

MORE KIND WORDS.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., Dec. 31, 1880.

Mr. G. B. AVERY:

Dear Sir — My subscription ends with this twelve-month number, and I wish to renew it for the coming year. Inclosed you will find twenty three-cent stamps to pay for the same. I will say that no religious publication I have seen that I like better than I do the SHAKER MANIFESTO, and I wish I could do more to spread the truths which it contains. A Shaker friend during the year has sent me a few extra copies for distribution, which I wish to return my sincere thanks for the same. Wishing you great success in the publication of the SHAKER MANIFESTO, I remain truly your friend in the cause in which you are engaged.

CALEB C. PECKHAM.

December 20, 1880.

* * * Continue sending THE MANIFESTO. The November number contained more true religion than I have heard elsewhere in a year.

**

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 3, 1881.

TO THE MANIFESTO:

The first MANIFESTO I ever read was kindly sent to me from Mt. Lebanon. It interested me so much that I subscribed for it. Every number seems to say something special to me; let it continue its visits. Find subscription inclosed.

Yours truly,

HANNAH B. SEERY.

ERRATUM.

DEAR MANIFESTO — Your types know nothing. They make me say one thing when I wrote another! In my letter to Geo. Shaw, in January number, they say "by all means, friend Shaw, join the *Shakers*." I said join the Quakers — quite a difference.

Yours,

F. W. EVANS.

The Children's Grotto.

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

M. R. BUTLER.

The children watched the sun go down,
And in its gleaming changes,
The west seemed first a sea of fire,
Then golden mountain ranges.

And Fannie asked, "what are the clouds?
They look like hills of glory,"
"The steps of Heaven" Frank replied,
"It is a sweet old story.

"A guardian angel, every day,
To each of us is given;
And every night they climb to Heaven,
Up o'er that Golden Ladder.

"And then the gates of pearl swing back
Upon their gleaming hinges,
And all the sky seems melted gold,
With red and purple fringes.

"But when the doors are closed again,
The guardian angels gather
In solemn silence, with their books,
Around our Heavenly Father.

"And when I close my eyes and think
How, in that sinless dwelling,
Will sound the story of the life
My angel must be telling.

"Some days, I know, my angel takes
The record of my sinning;
But then I always try to make
The next a new beginning.

"So, when at night our Father calls,
My angel may be gladder,
And he the first to climb to Heaven,
Up o'er the Golden Ladder."

KEEP AWAY FROM TEMPTATION.

The only safe course for a young man, who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, is to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors! Her temptation was too strong for them to resist. They partook of the fatal glass — snatched the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to uncleanness. None are secure who run in the way of sin — who see how near they can venture on the threshold of vice without entangling their feet in the net of the adversary.

Have you ever heard the story of the gentleman who advertised for a coachman? If

not, we will repeat it. Three applicants were admitted to the room. He pointed out to them a precipice, remarking:

"How near the edge of this can you drive me without any danger of an upset?"

The first applicant replied:

"Within a hair's breadth."

"How near can you drive me?" asked the gentleman of the second applicant.

"Within a hair's breadth," he replied.

As the third was about leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him.

"Let us hear what you have to say," said he.

"Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could."

"You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately.

In regard to vice, he is only safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near are often upset and destroyed. We can all point to individuals who are lost to virtue, who, when they took the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, that urged them on, only for once, but it proved their destruction. Ye who are now safe, whose hearts are not contaminated, listen to the voice of wisdom and go not near the strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gaming table, the grog shop and the midnight party. Keep away as far as possible, and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.

Here are some lines for the little girls to read. If they would really be pretty, and grow up as handsome women, let them remember that it is

"Not costly dress nor queenly air,
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;
Not pearly teeth nor sparkling eyes,
Not voice that nightingale outvies.
Not one, nor all of these combined
Can make one woman true, refined.
'Tis not the casket that we prize,
But that which in the casket lies.
These outward charms that please the sight
Are naught unless the heart be right.
She to fulfill her destined end
Must with her beauty goodness blend."

HOLD UP YOUR HEAD LIKE A MAN.

If the stormy winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope and labor day by day.
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather,
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you,
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you
Jog along with lightsome heart!
Fortune seldom follows fawning,
Boldness is the only plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man.

Earth, though e'er so rich and mellow,
Fields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station,
Hold your head up like a man.

Not only are the children inclined to use dreadful expressions, and words which signify great exaggerations; but some of the children of larger growth can learn some good lessons by reading

HOW OUR SETH TALKS.

A boy I know who, if telling
The truth, daily dies some new death:
No martyr — religion compelling —
Has suffered so much as our Seth!

He "roasts" all the summer, and "freezes"
As soon as autumnal winds blow;
He has his "death-cold," if he sneezes;
Is "buried" in one foot of snow.

He's "starving" before he has dinner,
He's "stuffed" like a turkey when through;
He's "tickled to death" when he's winner,
And "ready to die" when 'tis you.

He's "just tired to death" when he only
Has run a short race with his mates;
If kept in by the rain, he grows lonely.—
He "can't live till night,"—so he states.

He's "dying to know" what comes after,
In tales that he reads with delight;
Or "thought he would die" of much laughter,
Or "nearly expired" with affright.

Thus over and over we hear it,—
This dismal death-song that he sings;
Yet body and soul is still joined to spirit,
And Seth has developed no wings!

Book Table.

In justice to those honorable publishers, I. K. Funk & Co., 10 & 12 Barclay street, New York, we would state that they now have for sale Dr. Young's "*ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE*," printed under the Doctor's own supervision by government presses in Edinburgh. That there is extant a "miserably executed reprint," we are officially informed, and we would warn all who wish to be in possession of this *most valuable work of its kind*, to shun the spurious edition and buy from the above firm. We have not yet seen the famous work, but that it is immeasurably superior to Cruden's or any other extant, we have been thoroughly assured.

A NEW BOOK OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

Our indefatigable friend, D. M. Bennett is out with a new book containing a compilation of his letters from Europe. As a letter writer he has but few equals in condensing much in little space—and yet the letters are interestingly lengthy. His *style* is not of the Chesterfield school; neither do his thoughts savor at all of Jonathan Edwards' philosophy, while telling us about the *sanctified places* of the old world. Bennett has made for himself a *unique niche* in modern history; and that he is doing a great deal of good in his peculiar field as an iconoclast, we have no doubts. Those wishing to know how an honest man can differ from "orthodox" visions, while viewing the same historical subjects, let them send for the book, inclosing \$1.25 to D. M. Bennett, 141 Eighth street, New York.

"THE INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER,"

As manifested in the general shape of the head and the form of the face. Illustrated. By H. S. Drayton, author "Light in Dark Places," "Brain and Mind," etc. 12mo. Price in paper, 15 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

This compact and neatly printed pamphlet treats in a clear and popular style of an old subject, but discusses it in a manner quite different from what we are accustomed to. As an introduction to the study of the

physiology of the mind, it is a valuable treatise, and to those who have not the time nor opportunity to pursue the subject in detail, it will be found both interesting and useful. To teachers and all who have much to do with others, old or young, it will be especially serviceable.

Society Record.

ADIEU.

Deceased: At Shaker Village, N. H., Dec. 12, 1880, OLIVE SHEPARD, aged 67 years.

At Shaker Village, N. H., ELEANOR WRIGHT, aged 73 years.

At West Pittsfield, Mass., January 6, 1881, HARRIET PATTEN, aged 79 years.

I. R. L.

AYER, MASS., Dec. 21, 1880.

BROTHER G. A. LOMAS—Please report in MANIFESTO the departure of our venerable and esteemed brother, Elder THOMAS HAMMOND, to the next phase of human experience, at Harvard, Mass., Dec. 21, 1880, aged 89 years.

Yours, truly,
E. MYRICK.

CANTERBURY, N. H., Dec. 21, 1880.

Dear Editor—Deceased: At North Family this morning, MARY STICKNEY, aged 84 years.

Yours,
N. A. BRIGGS.

UNION VILLAGE, OHIO, Dec. 23, 1880.

Deceased, to-day at Centre Family, this village, Brother ITHAMAR JOHNSON, in the eighty-second year of his age.

He was an active, energetic man in business and for many years one of the leading trustees of this Society, having been first appointed to that office with Brother D. Boyd in 1830.

WM. REYNOLDS.

At Enfield, N. H., January 1st, EMILY BRANNAN, aged 76. She was the daughter of Lord Dun Raven of Ireland. She was

possessed of great conscientiousness and strong-will power; was a noble specimen of Christianity, highly honoring her faith and Christian profession from early life.

ABRAHAM PERKINS.

RECEIPTS.

F. W. Evans.....	\$54 00
John Sauerborn.....	19 20
Charles Clapp.....	66 00
John B. Vance.....	30 00
E. Myrick.....	40 00
Ezra Sherman.....	30 00
Augustus Blase (for 1880).....	18 00
J. R. Lawson.....	20 00
Jas. S. Kaime.....	98 30
Henry Cummings.....	15 75
John Whiteley.....	43 50
Hewitt Chandler, } N. Trull, }	35 00
D. C. Brainard.....	25 00
A. W. Williams.....	10 00
Omar Pease.....	18 00
Amos Babbitt.....	20 50
Philip Smith (for 1880).....	20 00

AN ANCIENT WITNESS.

We, the undersigned, having for sometime past felt a concern, lest there should come loss upon the joint interest, and dishonor upon the gospel, by purchasing seeds of the world, and mixing them with ours for sale; and having duly considered the matter, we are confident that it is best to leave off the practice, and we do hereby covenant and agree that we will not, hereafter, put up, or sell, any seeds to the world which are not raised among believers (excepting melon seeds).

New Lebanon, April 13, 1819.

Deacons.

Richard Spier.	Stephen Munson.
Israel Hammond.	Jonathan Wood.
Daniel Goodrich,	John Wright,
Hancock, N. H.	Hancock, N. H.

Gardeners.

Richard Treat.	Samuel Johnson.
Morrel Baker,	Thomas McKew,
Watervliet, N. Y.	Watervliet, N. Y.

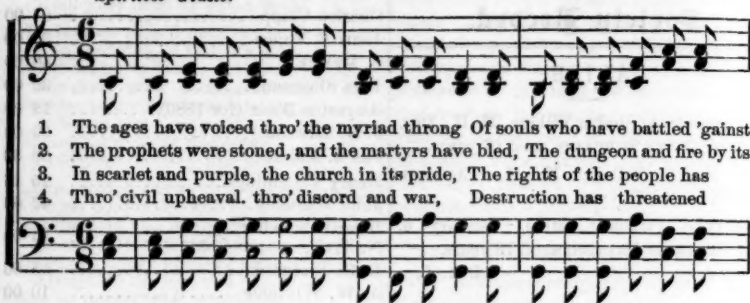
Trustees.

Peter Dodge,	Abijah Wood.
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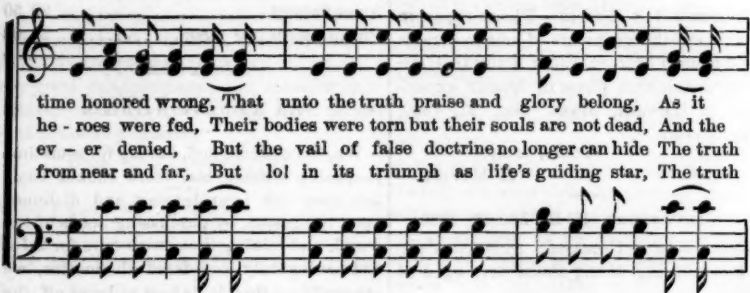
TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

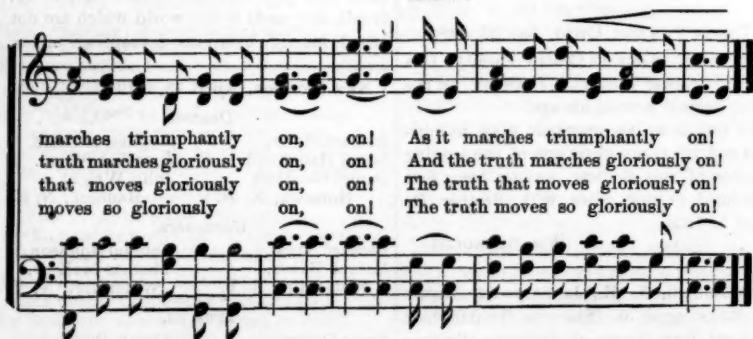
MT. LEBANON, N. Y.

Spiritoso Giusto.


1. The ages have voiced thro' the myriad throng Of souls who have battled 'gainst
 2. The prophets were stoned, and the martyrs have bled, The dungeon and fire by its
 3. In scarlet and purple, the church in its pride, The rights of the people has
 4. Thro' civil upheaval, thro' discord and war, Destruction has threatened



time honored wrong, That unto the truth praise and glory belong, As it
 he - roes were fed, Their bodies were torn but their souls are not dead, And the
 ev - er denied, But the vail of false doctrine no longer can hide The truth
 from near and far, But lo! in its triumph as life's guiding star, The truth

Ritard.


marches triumphantly on, on! As it marches triumphantly on!
 truth marches gloriously on, on! And the truth marches gloriously on!
 that moves gloriously on, on! The truth that moves gloriously on!
 moves so gloriously on, on! The truth moves so gloriously on!

Agricultural.

To the Public :

Always interested in whatever is calculated to improve the conditions of human society, or the lands, vegetables and fruits they cultivate, and having heard much of the value of a composition for preventing the ravages of the borer and the yellows in peach trees, manufactured by Richard Van Deusen, of Enfield, Ct., post office address "Shaker Station, Hartford Co., Ct.," on the 28th day of September, 1880, we visited his orchards of pear and peach trees, to see, for ourselves, the result of the same upon them.

The peach trees numbered some hundreds of five years' growth; there was not one of them affected with the peach borer nor the yellows; not a single worm, nor the sign of one having ever been upon the trees was to be found; the trees were in full and very vigorous leaf, wood well ripened, growth large, and all of a wonderfully uniform size and thrift; the land was clear of grass and mostly so of weeds. Other adjacent trees of same orchard, on a hillside, were on sward land, some were younger, but all were healthy and very vigorous, and no signs of yellows or the worm among them.

Some extensive orchards in the same vicinity, on same roll of land and set at same time, and not a quarter of a mile distant, are now almost literally extinct, having been bored to powder by the worm, and decimated by the yellows.

The trees of a pear orchard in same vicinity, consisting of some hundreds, were also all healthy, no blight, although some others near by, not treated with the composition, were ruined.

All these peach and pear trees had been washed, twice a year, with the aforesaid composition, thus manifesting, to every candid witness, the good effects of the same, and its safety from any injurious issue upon the trees, while it effectually prevents the operations of the destructive borer, and, probably, of the pear blight, though of this we should not yet feel so confident, but still hope it may prove an effectual preventive.

The said composition is also a preventive from the gnawing of young trees by vermin, or by sheep, calves, etc., when exposed to their depredations, thus avoiding the necessity of curbing such trees except to prevent their branches being broken, etc.

Yours truly,

GILES B. AVERY,

Shakers, Albany Co., N. Y.

Jan. 26th, 1880.

FARM NOTES.

TICKS AND LICE.—Add sulphur to the salt fed to the sheep, and two ounces of saltpetre, pulverized, to every pound of salt fed to horned cattle troubled with vermin.

CRIB-BITING is often a habit, but may be caused by a disease. Indigestion occasions a constant irritation and uneasiness which may impel the horse to take hold with the teeth and stretch the neck as a means of relief. From this grows the habit of crib-biting and wind-sucking, which ceases when the cause is removed. As a remedy, feed him upon cut feed, with crushed or ground grain, and an ounce of salt in each feed.

MAKE COWS PAY.—We keep cows for their milk, mainly; and while provender is so valuable, we should make the most of it. Let every farmer who is able buy a feed cutter, and soak the cut feed in hot water, unless he can do better, and steam it. Throw a little extra nourishment, like brewer's grain or buckwheat bran, upon the warmed cut feed, and thus we will find we will make cows and other stock pay.

An old teamster of fifty years' experience says he has never had a case of the galls upon his animals where the following preventive was adopted, which was simply to rub the collars inside every few days with a little neatsfoot oil, and the moment any dirt was found sticking like wax to wash it off with warm soapsuds, and then oil. A yoke from oxen, or collar from a horse should not be removed when brought into the stable from work until the sweat is entirely dry, and all chafed spots should be oiled.

Home Topics.

A WATERPROOF whitewash may be made as follows: "Take half a bushel of lime, slack it with boiling water, and cover to keep in the steam; strain and add seven pounds of salt dissolved in hot water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a paste, and added hot; half pound Spanish whiting, and one pound clean glue, previously dissolved to a thin paste; add five gallons hot water, and stir the whole; cover it, and keep it a few days. It must be used hot. One pint covers a square yard."

The Religious Telescope asks us: "Will you have some oysters?" and treats us to the following:

OYSTER PIE.—Line a dish with puff-paste or a rich biscuit-paste, and dredge well with flour; drain one quart of oysters, season with pepper, salt, and butter, and pour into the dish; add some of the liquor; dredge with flower, and cover with a top crust, leaving a small opening in the center.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Select the largest, dip them in beat egg, and then in bread or cracker crumbs; fry in equal parts of butter and lard until they are brown. They are very good dipped in corn-meal instead of crumbs.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—One quart of vinegar, one ounce of allspice, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace; scald all these together; when cold, put in the oysters; next day scald together.

OYSTER SOUP.—Drain one quart of oysters and to the liquor add one quart of boiling water; let it boil; skim carefully; season with a little Cayenne pepper, and butter the size of an egg; add the oysters; let it boil up once; season with salt; serve in a hot soup-tureen.

OYSTER STEW.—Put two quarts of oysters in a sauce-pan with the liquor, and when they begin to boil skim them out and add a pint of cream or rich milk and seasoning; skim well; add to the oysters butter to taste, and pour the hot liquor over them, and serve.

RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.—In his last issue, Maj. Freas, the long-time editor of the *Germantown Telegraph*, says: "As the season has arrived when curing meat is in order, we republish as of old our famous recipe for curing beef, pork, mutton, hams, etc., as follows: To one gallon of water take 1 1-2 lbs. of salt, 1-2 lb. of sugar, 1-2 oz. of saltpetre, 1-2 oz. of potash. (Omit the potash unless you can get the pure article. Druggists usually keep it.) In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is strictly followed it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way, or most ways of putting down meat, and will not soon be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy, and freshness of color."

AMENDE HONORABLE AND NOTICE.

Our excellent friend, Eld. John Whiteley, of Shirley Village, Mass., reminds us that he renewed his offer to send a copy of "THE DIVINE AFFELATUS"—an excellent little book—to every one sending him SIXTY CENTS for a year's subscription to THE MANIFESTO. In calling attention to this beautiful offer, we beg pardon for neglecting the same in our January issue.—ED.

Paul did not stop preaching because all his converts did not hold out. Many of the converts, even of Jesus, went back, "and went no more with him." If a man tumbles into the river, are we to refuse to rescue him because he may fall in again.